

## TWO PICTURESQUE OUTLAWS

## SICILIAN BRIGANDS OF A FAST PASSING TYPE.

First, Mulone, who started a career of crime when his wife deserted him, thought now to be in America. The other, Salamone, now under arrest.

PALERMO, May 16.—Every criminal in Sicily who evades capture by the police is called a brigand, but as brigandage is supposed to have been stamped out by the Italian Government, the term brigand has been supplanted by a new word, "latitante," or hider. As a matter of fact, however, brigandage still exists in Sicily, weakened and diminished but not overcome, and so long as the Mafia rules in the cities and towns brigandage will continue to flourish over the country. It could not be otherwise, as the Mafia and brigandage are closely connected by a bond of common interest. In years gone by the Sicilian brigands held up the carriages of the rich, took prisoners and held them for ransom, protected the weak and oppressed the rich and powerful nobles. To-day the classical type of brigand has disappeared and the present outlaws are no longer highwaymen but common criminals, who live in hiding and successfully evade capture by making themselves useful to certain great land owners, who in return protect them from the police. Now and again there is an isolated attempt at a return to the old traditions of brigandage and a man of an adventurous life, disappointed in love and unjustly persecuted by the police, will retire to the hills, waylay his enemies one by one and shoot them in cold blood and baffle the attempts of the police, aided by troops, to capture him.

Such cases are rare. Still within the last five years there were two famous Sicilian brigands whose names became household words throughout the island. Their careers in outlawry were short, one of them, Turiddu Failla Mulone, has disappeared and is supposed to be safe in America; the other, Giuseppe Salamone, has fallen into the hands of the police and is awaiting trial.

The brigands captured by the police are comparatively few, and in the rare cases when a capture is effected it is generally the result of chance. That was the case with Salamone. One day the brigand happened to be wandering alone about the country when he chanced to meet two carabinieri who he thought had recognized him. As a matter of fact they had not, and if instead of running away from them he had just gone on his way they would never have captured him. Besides, luck was against him, as he had almost succeeded in eluding the tanning his pursuers, when he stumbled and fell. When the two carabinieri caught him he said: "I am Salamone, and I won't offer any resistance, because I realize that I am no longer a brigand. A brigand never falls when running from the police unless he is shot dead." So ended Salamone's career.

Giuseppe Salamone is a native of Barrafranca, the son of a small farmer who died when the brigand was a boy. He left school and learned the trade of shoemaker and with his small earnings supported his widowed mother. When Salamone was 16 years old he fell in love with a village girl named Stella Boncompagni, an orphan who lived with her old grandmother. One day he was obliged to leave his native village for a month to seek work elsewhere and on his return he discovered that the girl he loved had been seduced by the Mayor, Signor Giordano, a wealthy and powerful land owner.

Salamone's first thought was to kill the Mayor, but Giordano was a powerful rival, and without giving Salamone time to mature his plans of vengeance he had him arrested on suspicion of having waylaid and assaulted three fishermen and stealing all the money they possessed, suborned witnesses and had him tried before the court. Salamone was sentenced to hard labor. He served his term—ten years—during which the boy became a man, and every day he spent in prison he renewed the oath to kill Giordano. One day he had all that served his term a letter was sent from his family at Barrafranca to the governor of the prison petitioning to anticipate Salamone's release, as his old mother was dying and she wished to see her son and bless him before she died. This letter was not authenticated by the Mayor, so the governor returned it to Barrafranca for the necessary signature. Giordano was still Mayor there and he purposely delayed sending back the letter to the prison. When Salamone, who should have been released on September 8, 1904, left prison only on the 19th. He hastened home and found his mother dead. A few days later while Giordano was returning home Salamone shot him dead, and he became a brigand.

The police arrested two priests named Vasapolli and a lawyer of Barrafranca named Bonfraro, all political enemies of the Mayor, on suspicion of complicity. Salamone meanwhile successfully evaded all attempts to capture him, killed several of his enemies, levied blackmail on all the friends of Giordano and gradually acquired the reputation of a first class brigand. He even wrote his memoirs and had them published in the *Giornale* of Sicily.

His chief boast was that he never oppressed the weak and that he never killed a policeman, although very often parties of soldiers who were pursuing him passed within range of his hideout. Salamone was popular in the country because of the fact that when he was arrested he had over \$100 in his possession which the police arrested him had not stolen from anyone, but given to him by land owners of the neighborhood.

Salamone and his supposed accomplices, the two priests and the lawyer, were tried at Palermo before the court of Giordano. They were all acquitted and in the course of the trial Salamone convinced the jury that his first conviction was a real miscarriage of justice. Salamone is now only 38 years old. He is guarded night and day by a special corps of twelve carabinieri and still kept in prison waiting to be tried for the crimes he committed while he was a brigand. There is nobody in Sicily who does not consider Salamone a hero and a martyr, and Peppino, as he is affectionately called, has been given to him by his friends. He is now engaged in giving the finishing touches to his autobiography written in verse. Lieut. Petrosino, the Palermo police now say, was killed by a friend of the other brigand, Mulone, who suspected that the visit to Catania undertaken by Petrosino on the day he was murdered had led to the discovery and arrest of the brigand. Mulone's history is quite as romantic as that of Salamone, and he too is considered a hero and a martyr in Sicily. Mulone was originally a cowherd from Canicattì in the province of Girgenti. He spent his days on the hills and only went down to his native village on Sundays.

One day he fell in love with a peasant girl named Lucia and decided to marry her, but unfortunately the marriage had to be delayed for a couple of months, as Mulone had stolen some hay for his cows and he was arrested and sentenced to

## three months imprisonment. After he had served his time he returned to Canicattì and hastened the preparations for the marriage in the municipality first and in church afterward. The day Mulone married, when he was taking the bride home late in the evening, he was stopped by two policemen who insisted that he should accompany them to the station and explain why he, a criminal just released from prison, was out in the evening. Mulone explained that it was his marriage day, and that he was returning home. He begged to be allowed to go, but the policemen insisted that he should accompany them.

Then Mulone attacked the three men, injured two and would have killed the third had not a reinforcement arrived on the scene and overpowered him. The bride fled, while her husband was conveyed manacled to prison. Meanwhile two or three months passed and Mulone hoped against hope to be soon released and return to his wife. One day he happened to see the wife, who was waiting, had run away and was living with a shoemaker. Mulone was furious. He escaped from prison and returned to the hills, his one object being to kill his faithless wife and her lover.

Meanwhile he became the terror of Sicily. He shot many of the policemen who were sent to capture him, killed entire households belonging to persons whom he suspected had furnished clues to the police, set fire to farms and crops, levied blackmail, murdered all his enemies and swore that he would kill his wife and her lover also. The Mayor and priest who married them. One day he succeeded in finding the hiding place of his wife. He shot at her after taking good aim, missed her, as his hand trembled. "I shall wait," said Mulone and returned to the hills.

Meanwhile the Mayor of Canicattì had fled in terror, and the priest followed by his wife and her lover fled too. Mulone heard that they had gone to America and he followed them there.

## THE FALLING BIRTH RATE.

Decline in This Country in the Last Century and Its Causes.

Contrary to the recent optimistic statistics of Commissioner Darlington regarding New York city, the chief clerk of the Census Bureau, W. S. Rosser, reports an extraordinary decline in the birth rate during the last century.

At the census nearest to 1900 the ratio of children to each woman 16 years of age and over was a scant one, instead of two in 1790. In Great Britain the ratio was one, in France 8, in the German Empire 1.1 and in Italy 1.1.

"Since the United States, although aided by large numbers of immigrants from all parts of the world, is now maintaining a ratio of children to females 16 years of age and over practically the same as those of the leading nations of Europe," he says, "it is clear that population conditions in the republic are tending to become more like those in other civilized countries."

"The proportion shown for five of the New England States and for New York is the same, or nearly the same as the lowest European ratio, that of France. This is due to various causes, such as the tendency of population toward the city from the country, the gradual adoption of apartments as homes, the more exhausting struggle for existence in large cities, etc."

"One-half of the white population of the country is composed either of foreign born persons or the native born children of foreign parents. This class of citizens is distributed almost entirely in the New England States and the middle West, the South having kept its individuality of race. In the middle and New England States the foreign born population in 1900 more than half of the whole white population, or 518 in every 1,000. In the Southern States foreign citizens, or children born here of foreign parents, were only 79 in every 1,000."

In the early days, says the *Post-Graduate*, the country was occupied almost entirely by the English (85.5 per cent.), who were followed by the Germans (10 per cent.), the Irish (5 per cent.), the Dutch (2 per cent.). There is little difference in the population was 50.9 per cent. and the female 49.1 per cent. The figures in 1900 were 50.2 per cent. male and 49.8 per cent. female.

## BUILT HIS OWN HOUSE.

Even Felled the Trees and Sawed the Logs—Recovered Health.

From the Boston Globe.

When Wilfred Monaghan of 27 Sarah avenue, Lowell, moved into his new home, he was well, but the satisfaction of living in a house built by himself in lumber felled by himself in woods several hundred miles away. He believes that if ever a taxpayer came honestly by his real estate he is the man. When Mr. Monaghan was broken in health and spirits and his life was despaired of his doctor advised him to live in the open as much as possible. Accordingly with his wife he went to Canada and in his native town, St. Joseph, he began to seek relief in the bracing air of the Canadian countryside. He was told by his physicians that to continue working in Lowell meant a lingering but sure death and that life in the woods and the change of environment soon had effect. On arriving in his native place he set about building a camp in the woods. He felled trees of spruce and pine until he had enough to build him a log cabin. Later he had the logs hauled to his home in Lowell with the logs he had shaped for his woodland camp, and when his health returned he took down the cabin and hauled the logs to the St. Prosper sawmill, where he himself sawed them into lumber and had it shipped to Lowell.

When the material was being shipped Mr. Monaghan actually helped load it on the cars, and when he returned to Lowell last fall the open air habit had so gripped him that he resolved to build the house himself.

He says he feels twenty years younger than when he left Lowell two years ago. He is in excellent health and is justly proud of the work he has done.

## HUNTING WILD CATTLE.

A North Carolina Herd That Became Troublesome and Had to Be Killed.

From the Fayetteville Observer.

For the last several days a hunt for wild cattle has been in progress within ten miles of Fayetteville. A number of years ago Major J. B. Broadfoot turned several cows loose on a stretch of land he owned between Carver's Creek and Cross Creek.

There they have been ever since, multiplying and growing wild. The herd numbers fully a hundred, all wild as zebras. These animals ranged for a distance of seven miles between two creeks and along their banks ten or twelve miles.

Finding it almost impossible to catch any of them, and hearing that certain parties were hunting them with rifles, Major Broadfoot decided to take a hand in the matter himself and enlisted the services of J. A. Ratcliffe, a crack rifle shot. So for the last several days, accompanied by a pilot, a hunter, and his range, who knows the wild cattle and their range, Mr. Ratcliffe has been having real sport.

So far he has been able to get within rifle range of six of the animals and he has brought them in to the growling and baying of a grey bull, after having shot twice, made a dash for Mr. Ratcliffe, and it took three more bullets in the head before the animal dropped at the hunter's feet. The pilot, Sam Elliott, estimates the number of these wild animals at 100, living himself as many as seventy-five different ones.

## POEMS WORTH READING.

In the Tallies Garden.

Here, where the merry children play,  
Where fountains flash, and each wind blows  
Acacia blossoms, and the air is sweet  
A world of shadows comes and goes:  
Wan, wistful waifs of queens and kings,  
Who paced these gardens in the years  
Before strange, dark and dreadful things  
Had turned their laughter into tears.

I wonder in the alleys sweet  
Where mirth and sunshine blend to bliss,  
If once again these shadows repeat  
The litany of loneliness!

CHARLOTTE BECKER.

Bitter-Sweet of G. A. M.

When the sun is early come,  
And the morning glories peep,  
And the mud warts stare to hummings,  
Then a kid 't' like to sleep:  
Likes to kick the shoes in billows  
When he rolls around the bed;  
Burrows beneath the pillows  
When the floor is "round" his head.  
But it's his "aggravation"  
For there comes a gentle tap:  
"Georgel! Get up! Georgel!"  
Come to breakfast, Georgel!  
Just breaks up that mornin' nap!

Then you holler "Yessum!" quickly,  
If you can't get right to bed;  
But the sleep wags gather thickly  
And in bed you're sure to stay.  
And the next thing you are dreamin'  
Of the wondrous things that come  
Where the silver trout are gleamin'  
In the deepest meadow pool.  
Then it's always "aggravation!"  
For there sounds a mighty rap:  
"Georgel! Breakfast is gettin' cold!"  
Come down! Do come down! Georgel!  
Just breaks up your mornin' nap!

"Yessum! Yessum! I'm a comin'!"  
And you tumble "roun" in bed;  
Still that mud wart stares to humm'  
In his mud holes overhead.  
And the sun is red face peepin'  
Through the cracked and napped glass  
Laughs to find you still a sleepin'  
As the minutes swiftly pass.

When you hear no gentle tap  
"Georgel! Come down this minute!"  
Don't let me tell you again! Do you hear it?  
Just breaks up your mornin' nap!

VICTOR A. HEMMANN.

## These Picture Puzzles.

Oh, curfew shall not ring to night,  
Unless we find the piece  
That fits us in the beifry high:  
Let not our eyes cease!

There's Mary calling cattle home  
Across the sands of Dee,  
In the twilight of the evening  
Which cows, and which are she?

We have but part of Bonaparte,  
The skeleton at best,  
We cannot find his sword and boots,  
His forehead and his hat.

Great Washington about to start  
Seems wholly at a loss,  
Because he cannot find the key  
No Delaware to cross.

Dupre's balloons should now ascend—  
The sky was dark at noon;  
But while we have the ball alight,  
We cannot find the loon.

A goose girl, once a humble maid,  
We view with milder awe,  
To four hundred (please) she  
Belongs since she was saved.

BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADDE.

## The Splinters.

The shimmering leafage of a vanished day  
Enwraps the silkworm in its cocoon gray;  
So round the leaf the morning sun  
A tissue rainbow by the morning sun.

ADA FOSTER MURRAY.

## Joy Riders.

From the Washington Star.

This earth pursues a rapid pace,  
The speed with which it makes the race  
Round the celestial line,  
That makes its course with far too great  
For plain arithmetic.

Artful Young Barney Kehoe.  
From the Catholic Standard and Times.  
Will ye be for the Gap of Dunloe,  
I dunno!  
Oh! I'm glad of that same!  
All the tourists think shame  
To be missed! the Gap of Dunloe!

Now then whistler! Mayhap  
You'll be for the Gap of Dunloe,  
You'll be for the Gap of Dunloe,  
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## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A discussion having arisen as to the year when the United States Government first used its present coat of arms, the following is given:

The emblem of the Cincinnati was adopted by the Democratic national convention at the Fair Grounds, Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1860. The emblem was designed and engraved by the artist, John W. Lawton.

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## POLITICAL NOTES.

The committee on platform and resolutions which framed the platform adopted by the Democratic national convention at the Fair Grounds, Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1860. The committee was composed of the following members: Alabama, H. L. Martin; Arkansas, J. P. Clarke; California, I. B. Dockweiler; Colorado, ex-Gov. Charles S. Thomas; Connecticut, Thomas F. Noone; Delaware, Willard Saulsbury; Florida, Frank L. Moore; Georgia, J. W. Foster; Idaho, ex-Senator Fred T. Do Bo; Illinois, Samuel A. Aleshur; Indiana, John E. Lamb; Iowa, Jerry B. Sullivan; Kansas, W. A. Harris; Kentucky, ex-Gov. J. C. W. Beckham; Louisiana, M. T. Goudy; Maine, Frederick W. Knowlton; Maryland, Austin L. Crothers; Massachusetts, George F. Williams; Michigan, Francis O. Gaffey; Minnesota, Martin O'Brien; Mississippi, E. F. Noel; Missouri, Senator William J. Stone; Montana, J. T. Walsh; Nebraska, F. W. Johnson; Nevada, ex-Senator J. W. C. Brainerd; New Hampshire, Eugene E. Reed; New Jersey, ex-Senator James Smith, Jr.; New York, Alton B. Parker; North Carolina, Senator F. M. Simmons; North Dakota, John Burke; Ohio, E. M. Gruber; Oklahoma, Charles N. McGowan; Oregon, R. B. Purnan; Pennsylvania, William Whistler; Rhode Island, Frank E. Fitzsimmons; South Carolina, Willie Jones; South Dakota, ex-Senator Richard F. Pettigrew; Tennessee, James B. Frazier; Texas, M. J. Quarles; Utah, W. H. King; Vermont, Ellisha May; Virginia, Senator John W. Daniel; Washington, A. R. Whitlow; West Virginia, W. R. Thompson; Wisconsin, C. H. Weiss; Wyoming, George T. Peck; Alaska, Lewis A. Williams; Arizona, George H. Clatsburg; District of Columbia, R. E. Matthews; Hawaii, E. M. Watson; New Mexico, Sumner Burkhardt; and Porto Rico, D. M. Field.

The *Taxpayer* News is one of the first political periodicals to be issued in the anti-McClellan, anti-Metz and anti-Democratic all along the line, and yet its slogan is: "Overlook the past, and look to the future, and we will be the watchdog of the public pocketbook."

It is promised that as the campaign progresses scores of political periodicals are to be sprung up. Few know whence come the funds to finance these journals. The campaign becomes hottest, the various campaign committees of the political organizations subscribe generously to these political journals, copies of which are mailed to all registered voters.

In every campaign in New York—city, State or national—the *Yiddish* newspapers in all the East Side of the metropolis have to be taken into account. These newspapers are daily read by hundreds of thousands and wield a vast influence. To this day remnants of these East Side voters are to be seen in the streets of the East Side, and that the ex-President is of Jewish extraction.

This belief dates from the gubernatorial campaign of 1898, when Roosevelt ran against Augustus Van Wyck. It was in that campaign that the *Yiddish* State Republican newspaper placarded the East Side with posters reading: "For Governor, T. Roosevelt," and some since, have printed it "Rosenvelt."

How much will it cost to elect the New York city ticket this fall? Not less than a million dollars is the most conservative estimate. This is exclusive of the ballots, the canvassing, the printing of the tickets, the scores of campaign headquarters in hotels are to be established, droves of speakers are to be sent into every nook and corner of the five boroughs of the city, and the cost of advertising is to be printed and in addition there are a hundred and one other expenses which, taken collectively, warrant those experienced in such matters in assuming that their estimate of a million will not be much out of the way.

How is the money to come this time? Where are the Democrats to get theirs? From what source will the Republicans gather theirs? How will the various committees of 100 and a dozen minor committees garner the millions necessary for their existence and efforts? These are a few of the practical inquiries you hear nowadays.

Frederick S. Gibbs, in his day one of the most experienced organization Republican politicians in New York State and Republican national committeeman at the time of his death, not infrequently averred in the closing years of his life: "I had no my best days in the city. I'd join the Citizens Union or the City Club or the Reform Club or some other similar knocking organization. It is the knockers who